

THE GREEN CALDRON

A Magazine of Freshman Writing



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The Roxy Was a Lady

MARJORIE HIGGINS

Verbal Expression 1A, Theme 2, 1944-1945

I STOOD FOR A MINUTE AND LOOKED UP AT THE CANOPY, now blank and unlighted in the twilight, waiting for the neon blaze that would bring it to life. Six o'clock. The box office opened at six-thirty. I could wait until six-fifteen and still have time to count the change and arrange it in the machine, drop the ticket rolls in their slots—adults on the inside, children on the outside—and write the opening numbers on the blank face of my report pad. Then, after the seven-fifteen rush (Why do people always get to a movie at seven-fifteen, no matter what time it starts?), I could fill in the other information: competition, weather, name of feature, length of shorts, film companies.

I unlocked the door and went into the lobby. It was dark and quiet and cold. I didn't reach for the light switch in the foyer but instead sank into one of the seats in the back of the auditorium and looked at the half-lighted stage. I squeezed my toes into the crack in the seat in front of me and contentedly breathed in the pulsating, noisy silence of the showbusiness in the air.

The Roxy had the faded beauty of an old lady. She had less than four hundred seats and only two aisles, and she was old and cheap and dirty. Her gaudy finery was ancient and torn and tarnished. Her purplish velvet curtains were moldy with age; and her carpets, once luxuriantly thick, were threadbare and full of ragged holes. Her house lights were a comfortable conglomeration of colors, thrust into sockets without a thought for design or beauty. Here and there one was frankly missing. Her wide-spaced leather seats were patched and full of sagging rents and occasional protruding springs. Her walls, once painted yellow and blue and deep maroon, were streaked and stained to piebald obscurity. The low partition behind the last row of seats was spotted with uniform round smears of hair oil. She smelled of peanuts and popcorn and cheap perfume. She had the dim, mystic glow of all theatres. Her walls were saturated with the laughs and tears of bygone audiences; and now, in the early dusk which was her real night, the far-off laughter rustled along down the aisles and through the empty rows of seats, whispering gaily and fading off into a hushed stillness. She was almost alive, that Roxy, the way all theatres are.

She was warm and human and gay. She was a painted hussy with a happy, loud laugh and eyes that smiled and beckoned. Inside, here in the auditorium and out in the lobby, she was friendly. The lobby had a few

scrubby potted trees, and a bold doorman in an ill-fitting purple uniform. But the tiny foyer, with its green, rather oriental lights, had a certain opiate air, a vibrant half-reality which was absent in the lobby. Out front, she was painted and dressed like a naughty, brazen vamp. When the lights were snapped on, she seemed to slip into a daring evening dress covered with glittering spangles. Her marquee lights winked a flirtatious invitation, and the steady glow of the red, yellow, and white bulbs of her canopy gave her an unreal, dazzling glamour.

Her little boxoffice was bright and noisy with the sound of coins clapping against wood or jumping metallically through the change machine. The painted one-sheets in their lighted shadow boxes were thrilling promises. Inside and out she had an exciting, disquieting quality, an air of amused omniscience, a warm, satisfied glow. She hummed happily to herself a special, gay, merry-go-round sort of song. It seemed to ripple in and out the doors, to dance around the corners, and swirl gaily in the air like a half imagined elf. . . .

"Marge!" I started and scrambled to my feet. "Hey, let's have a light!" My boss always made his entrance as if he had crashed through the roof. I dodged past him into the boxoffice and started to count the change. Twenty quarters, four half-dollars—okay.

The staff began to arrive; the ushers shouted boisterous greetings and bounded to their places. Then the outside lights flashed on, and all the Roxy's charm came back in a twinkling. The music began to drift into the tiny glass cell again.

"How many, please?" "Tha—nk you!"

Fairy Tales—Brothers Grimm

PHYLLIS CATHARINE RARICK

Rhetoric II, Theme 9, 1943-1944

A FAIRY TALE IS A JOURNEY INTO THE LAND OF STAR lilies and enchanted dew drops and sunbeam castles, into the land where brave knights kill dragons with fiery tongues. It is a stay in the land of rewards, for the good receive coffers of rubies, and the bad, the curse of the elves. Although it may have ugliness, beauty must be supreme; a fairy tale must leave behind pleasant thoughts. It must be touched by the power which makes fairies and witches and pixies. A tale is not of the fairy lands unless within it kind deeds are rewarded with happiness, and cruelty with misery.

Because they do not fulfill these requirements, many of the tales of the Brothers Grimm are really not fairy tales at all. They spring from unpleasantness. There is the tale of Hans, who, after seven years of labor, received a ball of gold. On his way home he exchanged his gold for a horse, then his horse for a cow, and his cow for a pig, and so on until at last he had only a whetstone. Before long he lost the whetstone too, for he let it fall into a well. Perhaps this seems ridiculously humorous at first; however, it is melancholy to see how foolish some people are, how easily influenced or deceived. It is depressing to know that some have as little faith in their knowledge as did Clever Elsa, who came to believe that she was not herself.

Many of Grimms' so-called fairy tales disclose a world whose powers are no different from the powers of our own world. No magic snuff. No wishing wells or scarlet eagles. The story of the child who stirred his parents to love his grandfather is a charming story, but it is no fairy tale. The story of the three sluggards is amusing, certainly; yet it is no fairy tale.

In Grimms' tales the whole reward often goes to the scoundrel. The cat who through deceit devoured its companion mouse's share of fat, and then ate the mouse for complaining, suffered no harm. Nor did the fiddler who without cause wedged the feet of the wolf in a stump, and suspended an innocent fox from two trees, and fastened a hare so firmly that had it made one move its head would have been cut off.

Nor would the fairy judges have ignored the deeds of Chanticleer and his comrades if they had been concerned with romantic rules. Chanticleer, a cat, an egg, a duck, a pin, a needle, and a millstone went to visit a friend. Finding their friend—Mr. Korbes—gone for the day, they entered his home. The cat curled up by the fire, the duck lay down by the well, the egg rolled itself in the towel, the pin stuck itself into the cushion, the needle sat on the pillow, and the millstone laid itself over the door. When their host came home, he commenced to build a fire, but the cat threw ashes into his face. The duck squirted water at him. When he came to wash, and when he seized the towel to dry himself, the egg rolled out and stuck in his eye. He sat down, but the pin stuck him. Angered, he threw himself across his bed; there the needle scratched him with its point. In a rage he rushed to the door. The millstone then fell on his head and killed him. From this incident the Grimms conclude simply, "What a bad man Mr. Korbes must have been."

I have here considered the stories of the Grimm brothers as to whether they are fairy tales, not as to whether their imagery is exact or their plots are original. I have been concerned with them as fairy tales, not as allegories or tales of adventure. And having judged them, I find that many are not fairy tales at all. The brothers could accurately have ended many tales as they ended one—"Now, that's the way of the world, you see." Truly the tales are in the way of our world, not in the fashion of fairyland.

How I Write a Song

CHARLES HOPP

Verbal Expression 1A, 1943-1944

JUST AS YOU WOULD FIND IT PERPLEXING TO CONVEY to me how you read, I find it equally hard to relate to you how I write a song. Reading—you have read ever since the first grade. It has become such a common, everyday practice that you think nothing of it and find yourself at a loss to explain just how you do read. Well, I have written lyrics, which can be set to music, for such a long while that it, like reading, has become a habit with me. I find it difficult, therefore, to tell you how I write a song. But I will try.

There are many different types of songs or lyrics, just as many different types as there are ways of writing them. Sometimes I may start with a title, a catchy little phrase like "a hit with a miss" (I made a hit with a miss, when I came across with a kiss), or I may take an everyday saying for a title and compose a whole song just from that. On the other hand, I can be moved by some beautiful, happy, or melancholy thought; write a song about it; and spend as long a time as it took me to write it thinking of something to call the fool thing. Once in a while I take a simple sentence—for instance, "I walk this way quite often." Then I think of all the pleasant memories I have when I walk a particular way, I assemble them into a lyric with a certain pattern, and there I have it.

This pattern is important. There are a number of patterns to follow, but the one I use the most, and it is used most often in song writing, is the one, two, bridge, three type. I'm sure you could recognize it in a dozen or more popular songs today. "Sunday, Monday, or Always" is a fine example of what I'm trying to explain:

Won't you tell me when,
We will meet again,
Sunday, Monday, or always?
If you're satisfied,
I'll be at your side,
Sunday, Monday, or always.

Those are the first two verses. Then we have:

No need to tell me now what makes the world
go round,
When at the sight of you, my heart begins to
pound and pound.

That is the bridge. The third verse,

What am I to do,
Can't I be with you,
Sunday, Monday, or always?

is identical, in plan, to the first and second verses. Now, perhaps you see better what I mean by the one, two, bridge, three pattern.

Keeping these two things in mind, what I shall write about and how I shall write about it, I could compose a song for you right here, now. It should prove interesting.

I'm not especially moved by any thought this morning, and it is a little early for some catchy phrase to take hold; so I'll just take some ordinary everyday expression like "Howdy, Chum" or "Good morning"—yes, "Good morning." Now, that's quite ordinary, isn't it? Then, what is more natural than saying, "How are you this morning—this good morning?" Yes—it is quite simple. Looking about me, I might add, "The sun is high and the sky is blue—blue, you, through, to—?? So I say good morning to you." Well, I've written the first verse. Now that will be my model, for the second and third verses will be of the same rhyme scheme.

A little work on the second verse, and I have,

Good morning, good morning,
What a lovely good morning.

"What - a - love - ly - good - morn - ing" is a seven syllable phrase. It is of seven syllables because the corresponding line in the first verse, "How are you this good morning?" also has seven syllables in it. I could add or subtract syllables to suit my needs. In the sentence "How are you this good morning?" I might say, "And how are you this very fine morning?" That would give me ten syllables. If, on the other hand, I wish to cut it down, I'd drop out the "are," making it "how' you"—which would be a contraction for "how are you." I might leave out "good," also. The sentence would then read "How' you this morning?" The thought is there but in fewer syllables.

Let us imagine I have completed the second verse—now for the bridge. The bridge may be of a different rhyme scheme, remember? However, it should have something in common with the title. Now, I'm thinking of good morning. "Wake up—wake up! There's a lot to be doing—get up. Can't you hear the cock a-doodle-doing?" There! No, that's poor. Thoughts run through my mind—"Get up! It's time you were rising—rising, idolizing, harmonizing!"

The birds were up long ago.
Can't you hear 'em harmonizing?
In other words, don't you know
It's time you too were rising?

Yes, we like that, Mr. Hopp—very much.

More ideas rise and fall within my brain. I write the third verse, following in its plan that of the first and second verses. Now, I have finished. And we have:

Good morning, good morning!
How are you this good morning?

The sun is high,
And the sky — is blue.
So, I say good morning to you.

Good morning, good morning!
What a lovely good morning!
I feel quite smart,
And my heart — does too.
So, we say good morning to you.

The birds were up long ago.
Can't you hear 'em harmonizing?
In other words, don't you know,
It's time you too were rising?—So,

Good morning, good morning!
Can't stay in bed all morning.
The day is bright,
And the night — is through.
So, it's a good, good morning that's waiting
for you.

That's how I write a song.

Drive-In

It isn't a pretentious place—just a small frame building with a glaring neon sign which reads, "Terry's Bar B Q." It isn't the sort of place which should draw crowds, either, but it does. Its parking lot is always packed, and its walls seem to bulge from the noise and people within. No, the drive-in isn't fancy or impressive, but I like it.

I like its noise: the rhythmical ring of the pin-ball machine, the sweet-hot blare from the nickelodeon, the clatter of dishes in the kitchen, the clink of glasses, the unintelligible mixture of laughter and conversation, the impatient horns of the drive-in customers.

I like its people. I like the way the waitresses swing their hips and flirt with the truck-drivers who frequent the place. I like the way the short-skirted, tight-sweatered school girls jitterbug on the six-by-six dance-floor. I like the way the boys with crew-cuts gyp the pin-ball machine out of forty free games. I like the way the traveling salesmen spike cokes from quart bottles of Calvert's Special—holding them under the table, of course, so that they won't be seen. I like the way mascaraed wenches bum drinks and cigarettes from these men and get a free—well, almost free—ride home. I like the way Tilla, the one and only, strolls in at two A. M. and says, "Get the Hell out, it's closing time."

Yes, I like Terry's and I've given you my reasons. But I almost forgot—it serves good barbecues, too.—DORIS DEE LANTZ

Pacifism in India

JERRY KHARASCH

Rhetoric II, Theme 8, 1943-1944

INDIA, THAT VAST AND PROLIFIC SUB-CONTINENT OF some three hundred sixty millions of people, roughly one-fifth of the human race, of innumerable races and creeds, has for many years been the focusing-point for a great number of eyes. The curious and the concerned have turned their eyes toward India to watch its vast, disorganized conglomeration of people attempt to settle their own internal disputes as well as those of international proportions which have been forced on them. The pacifist and the lover of peace also have looked toward India, for they see here, and only here, the embryo of the ideal for which they hope and strive. Throughout the disputes, the disorganization, of the seething melting-pot which is India, this embryo has been nurtured, has grown until it can no longer be ignored, but must, on the contrary, be carefully watched and understood by all the nations of the world. For India is now, either consciously or unconsciously, developing a weapon which may be capable of attaining that toward which civilized man has striven for hundreds of years: the brotherhood of all mankind. Thus, India has become a great scientific experimental station, striving toward an ultimate goal, independence; developing a machine with which to attain it, non-violence; and meeting difficult obstacles—England and a lack of organization. Just as scientific discoveries often find applications other than those for which they were intended, so may the “machine” of this great “experimental station” be some day made to bring about not only independence, but also lasting peace on earth. This must be stressed, however: the nature of India’s struggle is purely political; it is essentially, except for one man, a struggle for separation from an imperial power that seems severe and oppressive. To gain a fuller understanding of this, one must know more about the nature of the Indo-English struggle, about the pacifist method in India and how it is being applied today, about the militaristic tendencies which exist now in India, and about the actual pacifistic tendencies in India, especially those of one man, Mohandas K. Gandhi.

The struggle between India and England began in the days of the English East India Trading Company, whose exploitation and autocratic rule “sowed the seeds of Hindese nationalism.”¹ It was against this rule that India fought what she called the War of Liberation in 1857, better known as the Sepoy

¹H. T. Muzumdar, “History and Growth of Non-Violence,” *The Conscientious Objector*, IV (August, 1942), 3.

Mutiny, which resulted in defeat for the revolutionists. However, this war became the foundation for a political movement in 1885 for the purpose of liberating India by "political and constitutional methods."² This later assumed a more forceful form under the pressure of the extremists of this political party, now called the All-India National Congress, who demanded "swaraj," or complete self-government, and who agitated this with bombs and bullets. The result was a partial success for the Congress, in that the partition of Bengal (1907) was annulled. Later, in 1917, the "war to end wars and make the world safe for democracy by extending the right of self-determination to all nations,"³ filled India with hope. She was then promised by Montagu, then Secretary of State for India, "progressive realization of a responsible government in India." After contributing 1,500,000 men to the Allies, more than all the British dominions combined,⁴ India found that the British government had no intention of giving self-government to the people of India.

There followed then the launching of a nation-wide, non-violent, non-cooperation movement led by Gandhi, and this resulted in the arrest of over 40,000 patriots; in the great Amritsar massacre of 1919, in which nearly 800 Indians were killed and twice that number wounded;⁵ and finally, in 1922, in the arrest of Gandhi, who was released two years later. Not long after his release, Gandhi "retired" from politics and toured India for the purpose of finding ways to secure its economic independence. This he did by stimulating the village industries and by establishing branches of the All-India Spinners Association,⁶ which did not help in improving Indo-English relations. In 1930 Gandhi launched his famous "March to the Sea," a nation-wide non-cooperation movement in direct violation of the British Salt Law, which again resulted in numerous arrests and imprisonments—notably that of Gandhi, who was released one year later. The following period up till 1939 was occupied in "Silent revolution and social reconstruction."⁷

Today, India uses against England the same technique which she found most efficient in the past: that of non-violence. This type of resistance can be conveniently divided into stages:⁸ the first stage is that of refusing to join the issue on the field of battle and of assuring the aggressor of good will; the second stage is essentially an exploration into the aggressor's bill of complaints; the third stage is a sincere offer of cooperation with the

²*Ibid.*

³*Ibid.*

⁴Lin Yutang, "India and the War for Freedom," *New Republic*, CVII (August 24, 1942), 218.

⁵*Ibid.*

⁶Muzumdar, *op. cit.*, p. 3.

⁷*Ibid.*

⁸H. T. Muzumdar, "Indian Non-Violence at Work," *The Conscientious Objector*, IV (August, 1942), 1.

aggressor, and a strict examination by the oppressed of his own arguments; and the last stage consists of a propaganda campaign aimed at the people, stimulating them to direct action, that is, non-violent direct action, often called "Satyagraha."

By declaring India a belligerent at war with Germany on September 3, 1939, the British Government completely ignored the resolutions which the All-India Congress had been making since 1935, stating that "India would be no party to any future war in which England might be engaged, except on India's own terms, by the free will and the consent of her people." This put Gandhi, who had no desire to lend aid or comfort to the Axis, in a delicate position, for to put obstacles in the way of Britain's war effort would be tantamount to helping the Axis. He therefore planned to obtain two objectives: (1) to proclaim to the world that India was forced to participate in the war, and (2) to tell the Axis that India would not help them, either directly or indirectly. Gandhi achieved both these objectives at once by calling upon the Congress cabinets, which were functioning in eight provinces, to resign; at the same time he proclaimed his policy of "not embarrassing the British war effort." This meant in effect that he was not asking the people of India to obstruct the operations of the British-Indian army.

This program was met by the British Government with rigorous war measures and denials of ordinary freedoms. When Gandhi insisted upon the right of freedom of speech, and when his appeal was denied, a campaign of individual and civil disobedience was launched, which resulted in the imprisonment of many leading Congressmen, such as Nehru and Azad, who were later (December 7, 1941) released by England under pressure from the United States.⁹

The Cripps mission to India, a notable example of Great Britain's habit of giving with one hand and taking with the other, failed, and with its failure brought the situation in India to a head. On May 2, 1942, the Working Committee of the All-India Congress adopted a resolution of non-violent resistance which stated: "The All-India Congress Committee is convinced that India will be able to attain her freedom through her own strength and retain it likewise. The present crisis as well as experience during the negotiations with Sir Stafford Cripps makes it impossible for the Congress to consider any schemes or proposals which retain even a partial measure of British control and authority. Not only the interests of India but also Britain's safety and world peace and freedom demand that Britain must abandon her hold on India. It is on the basis of independence alone that India can deal with Britain or other nations."¹⁰ When this solemn warning

⁹H. T. Muzumdar, "The Crisis in India," *Fellowship*, VIII (September, 1942), 143.

¹⁰*Ibid.*, 145.

failed to accomplish the desired results, the same Working Committee ratified, on August 7, 1942, the "Quit India" resolution which Gandhi had submitted to them in July at Wardha. This resolution urged Britain to withdraw, definitely, its authority from India and to transfer governmental power from British to Indian hands. In addition to ratifying the "Quit India" resolution, the Committee invested Gandhi with full powers to launch the non-cooperation movement for India's freedom, but this was nipped in the bud when England arrested Gandhi and the Congress leaders.¹¹

The foregoing account has attempted to show that India was not always a practitioner of non-violence, but chose this merely as a convenient and necessary method of dealing with a nation more powerful than she. However, there are still military tendencies in India today. These tendencies are found to exist in high places in India, Jawaharlal Nehru being representative of the group. Nehru, who may one day succeed Gandhi, said after India was declared by the decision in Whitehall to be a belligerent of Germany: "Only a free and equal India can cooperate of her free will; until that vital change is made none of us have the power to make the people of India enthusiastic for a war that is not theirs."¹² In the parleying with the British Government he said: "The Congress has invited the British Government to state its war and peace aims clearly, and particularly how these apply to the Imperialistic order and to India. India can take no part in defending Imperialism, but she will join in the struggle for freedom. . . . This is no small offer India makes, for it means the ending of a hundred years of hostility between India and England, a great turning point in world history and a real beginning of the new order we fight for."¹³ More recently, Nehru promised the American emissary, Louis A. Johnson, that if Britain agrees to an Indian Defense Minister, the Congress will accept the British offer of post-war independence, and India will "fight all comers."¹⁴

Nehru is by no means the only advocate of such sentiment as this. Although the plan for the future independence of India which Sir Stafford Cripps carried to New Delhi was a failure, his mission was not altogether unsuccessful. In a letter to Cripps, Maulana Azad, president of the All-India Congress Party, declared: "We are agreeable to postponing the entire issue, so that the largest measure of unity may be achieved in the present crisis for India's defense."¹⁵ This was substantiated by Nehru's promise that "we are not going to embarrass Britain's war efforts in India, or those of our American friends who may come here."¹⁶

¹¹*Ibid.*

¹²Carl Heath, "India: Acid Test of Democracy," *Fellowship*, VI (February, 1940), 19.

¹³*Ibid.*

¹⁴Freda Kirchwey, "India's Zero Hour," *Nation*, CLIV (April 11, 1942), 414.

¹⁵"What Next in India?" *Nation*, CLIV (April 18, 1942), 448.

¹⁶*Ibid.*

India itself is of primarily militaristic tendency. The United Nations are fully backed in their war by such organizations as the All-India Free Moslem Conference, and many of the most popular elected Moslem officials, such as Allah Bakhah, Sir Sikander Hyat Khan, and Tazlul Hug, are for full participation in the war.¹⁷ Again, despite the non-cooperation policy which the All-India Congress has pursued till the end of 1941, there has never been any difficulty in recruiting for the Indian army more volunteers than it has been possible to equip. The military forces now stationed in India are large. On December 7 the Indian Army was in the process of being expanded from a million to a million and a half.¹⁸

No, it is not toward all of India that the pacifist and lover of peace may look, but rather to one man: Mohandas K. Gandhi. Within him and his followers, who are not so numerous as many would suppose, lie the true seeds of non-violence for the sake of non-violence. In his "Sermon on the Sea" in 1909, Gandhi said: "Passive resistance, that is, soul-force, is matchless. . . . Physical-force men are strangers to that courage that is requisite in a passive resister."¹⁹ And again: "The non-violent experiment of the Congress will have been vain if when India awakes from the present fear she does not show to the world the way of deliverance from the blood bath. The criminal waste of life and wealth that is now going on will not be the last if India does not play her natural part by showing that human dignity is best preserved not by developing the capacity to real destruction but by refusing to retaliate. I have no manner of doubt that if it is possible to train millions in the black art of violence which is the law of the beast, it is even more possible to train them in the white art of non-violence which is the law of regenerate man."²⁰

Here is wherein our hope lies.

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¹⁷Michael Straight, "Is It a People's War?," *New Republic*, CVII (November 16, 1942), 634.

¹⁸D. W. Mitchell, "Can India Defend Itself?," *Nation*, CLIV (April 18, 1942), 453.

¹⁹A. J. Muste, "Gandhi and the Future," *Fellowship*, VIII (June, 1942), 93.

²⁰J. H. Smith, "Gandhi Stands Firm," *Fellowship*, VI (May, 1940), 72.

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Recipe for Popularity

What makes a boy popular? That is an interesting question in this year of our Lord, 1944, when men are at a premium and one would think that the mere quality of masculinity would insure at least moderate social success for any boy. Somehow it does not. There may be fewer males around, but most girls reserve the right to be fussy about those who still circulate. Of course, a generally favorable appearance and a pleasant personality are the two most important attributes a boy can have. Unusual good looks are welcomed, but not expected, and a sense of humor is essential. Poise and a certain amount of self-assurance are necessary, although the latter can easily be over-done. When this happens, the result is often that sleek, super-sophisticated product known as the "smooth, Latin type," the creature who slithers around campus mentally twirling an imaginary mustache and murmuring, "Ah-ha, me proud bee-uty!" to every female he meets. Boys often object to the girl with the glamour complex, who regards the world mournfully from behind a blonde (more or less genuine) cascade of hair, whose cigarette droops from her mouth at a forty-five degree angle, as she determinedly tries to look sultry, but they forget that naturalness is just as attractive in a boy as in a girl: he may fancy himself a big, brawny man of the world, but *she* knows he's not quite nineteen. In all, the popularity of a boy, as of any one else, depends largely on the amount of effort he makes to acquire it. If he works at it consciously, and has the necessary raw materials to begin with, any boy can manage to get by.—LOIS RUDNIK

Aiding Nature

ROBERT C. DODSON

A.S.T. English 11, Theme 9, 1944-1945

THE PURPOSE OF THIS THEME IS TO GIVE THE READER some idea of what to do in performing a Caesarian operation on a guinea pig. You may ask, "Why perform such an operation on a guinea pig?" or "When will I ever have to do such a thing?" My answers to these questions are, "In performing such an operation, a future surgeon will gain some idea as to what he may be up against. The average person's chances of ever having to operate on a guinea pig are about one out of a million."

Some of the factors that lead to the need for Caesarian operations on animals are malformation of the pelvic region, improper or insufficient development of the animal, and paralytic diseases that prevent normal muscular action.

The gestation period of the guinea pig is from sixty-five to seventy days, depending upon the size of the litter. The larger the litter, the less time it takes. About eleven days before parturition, the pubic bones begin to separate and the vagina and vulva enlarge, becoming very soft and pliable. Twenty-four hours before birth, the two mammary glands fill up with the colostrum or first milk. The sow usually begins labor from two hours to twenty minutes before her young start arriving. During this labor period she will squeal, grunt, bend in the middle and heave, and sometimes jump around every time she has a pain.

Keep her under observation until the vulva bursts open and the amniotic fluid flows from the vagina. When this happens, place her on the operating table and work quickly. Make every move count, as little lives are at stake. Apply a chloroformed cloth to her nostrils and keep it there until she has gone absolutely limp and there is no movement of any kind. Then gently turn her over on her back, being very careful of her bulging sides. Take a sharp pair of shears and cut the hair on the belly short enough so that it can be shaved off. Then shave a strip about one and one-fourth of an inch wide and about three inches long, starting about one-half inch from the navel and extending straight toward the vulva. Be careful that you don't cut one of the mammary glands. Then sterilize the abdomen with alcohol. Use a very sharp knife or razor to make a one and one-half to two-inch incision in the skin. Spread the skin back and make another incision in the abdominal wall. Do not cut too close to the navel, however, as you are liable to cut a large blood vessel, causing the animal to bleed to death. Use some sort of clamps

or other sterile device to hold the wound open. You will be able to see the lower part of the uterus. Very carefully make an incision in the uterus, extending it from halfway from the vagina, to about one inch along each uterine horn, making a cut resembling a Y. Gently stroke the animal's left side to move the first young down for birth. The reason you start with the left side is that the young on the left side are usually the first to be born.

When the first one comes to the opening you have made, gently lift it out and, holding it to one side of the mother, remove the amnion from its head and allow any fluid present to drain. Do not sever the navel cord until pulsation has stopped and the young one is somewhat active. He will probably start kicking and gasping. When he does this, finish removing all the amnion and allow the navel cord to sever naturally. Have someone wrap the youngster in some warm flannel cloth while you finish the operation. If there are more young, empty the left side before you start on the right unless the young move down naturally. Take care of them as quickly as possible and then, with a sterile, elongated wire loop (preferably piano wire), try to remove the afterbirths. You must be exceedingly careful now, as you may tear them loose when they are not quite ready and thus tear the uterus or cause hemorrhage. When you have the afterbirths successfully removed (be sure you have one for each young) proceed to close all incisions.

For the uterus, the best kind of stitching material is animal tendon. It must be of very fine diameter and absolutely sterile. Use a drawstitch and sew the incision as straight as you can. If you have any sort of internal disinfectant like surgical powder or sulfa drug, sprinkle some over the incision area. Remove your clamps from the abdomen and sew up the muscle tissue with the same kind of material used on the uterus. The reason for using animal tendon is that it is usually absorbed by the body and does not need to be removed. For the skin, however, you may use a fine, high quality, white silk thread and a crossover stitch which can be easily removed. Be sure to use your disinfectant powder on each stitching. It will aid in preventing infection and in stimulating tissue growth or healing. When you have the animal sewed up, apply a dressing and bandage the wound.

When you have finished with the operation, remove some of the colostrum from the mother's mammary glands with an eyedropper and give a little to each of the young. Then very carefully place the sow on her stomach, in a clean box with clean straw. When the effects of the chloroform wear off, and she is feeling pretty good, you may give her her babies. Allow her to drink a little warm water when she revives, but don't give her too much. About half a teaspoonful will be sufficient. Also give her a small portion of fresh lettuce and barley.

Watch her progress for about a week, and change her dressings daily. After a few days the stitches may be removed. When she has sufficiently healed (in about ten days) you may remove the bandages entirely and let her eat all she can. Be sure that the babies are getting enough milk. If not, when they are about three days old, you may give some of them to another mother, who will not know whether they are her own or not. When the babies are three weeks old, they will be weaned and may be taken away from the mother and put with others of their own age and size.

Riding a Sun Wagon

ESTHER FALKOFF

Rhetoric II, Theme 9, 1943-1944

NOW I WAS REALLY FLYING! I HAD BEEN UP IN AIRPLANES before, but this was the first time in earnest. And it was the first time I had a chance to see how a flier flies.

My instructor's face was reflected back to me by his rear-vision mirror. His behavior seemed all wrong; he didn't act the way a man should act who keeps himself up and alive by his own wits. He didn't seem wide awake and ready for any emergency. He sat up there in the blue, his shoulders slumped, looking nowhere in particular with a faraway expression, half-sad, half-bored, listening into himself.

My altimeter showed two thousand feet when his voice came through: "She's all yours." He held up both his hands. Now I was going to control my own flight. I quickly once more thought over the working of the controls, all I had found out about it since I had been an awe-struck girl reading about what fliers do. I took new hold of the stick and waited for the excitement to start. For an airplane surely would not stand for a girl from the street, unlicensed, bespectacled, a \$5.60 flier, at its controls; it would now buck or skid or slip or rear up or capsize or stall or tailspin or nose dive or do whatever else airplanes did.

But it did not. It barged straight ahead, unconcerned, fool-tolerant. I made a few tentative moves with the stick, and the wings wiggled obediently. This fact produced a considerable emotional kickback. It usually does, in first-flight students. Just because the ship actually responds to stick and pedals the way kids' books said it would, you think you are a natural-born flier, gifted with knack. Just because you fill all the land below with im-

portant noise, you feel that you are quite a proud specimen of mankind. There is nothing to hit; whichever way you swoop or swerve, no harm can result; and that produces a sensation of freedom, suddenly, like an injection of some drug.

His voice came through the rubber hose: "Go ahead and fly." I now saw his hands resting on the cowl. It was not his will I was feeling. It was the ship's. I relaxed my hand to feel for this will. My flying career had begun.

Feeling my way, I pulled the stick back toward me against the ship's resistance, exploring what might be that way. She nosed up willingly enough. I held on; she became heavy in my hand, and to hold her up I had to come back farther and farther with the stick. The ship protested with a steady pull. The instructor also protested. Some quick hard knocks came in the stick. They sided with the ship, away from me; and the voice said: "Don't freeze on the stick." I allowed her to come down from the cloud, and she became obedient again and light to the touch.

I pushed forward into the ship's resistance, wondering what I would stir up in that direction. Distant farmland rose up before me, then a small town that lay in the middle distance, then a nearby green field. I held her pointing at that field. The engine roared, and the stick became stiff and fought back roughly. "What are you diving her for?" The voice was peremptory. I let the stick snap loose, and she came up like a roller coaster. I became conscious of my stomach. So did the instructor of his. "Steady," said the voice. But it wasn't so easy; once disturbed she danced around and I was working all three controls, always a half beat out of rhythm.

The stick wrenched itself out of my hand with a circular jerk; he had taken over. With a few slams he put her nose and wings where they belonged. It was much the way a Bavarian waitress slams your beer in front of you: "Take it."

I tried to keep her there. In this position she was willing again, almost too obedient, too sensitive. I had to guide her with two fingers and small motions, as if I were writing.

She kept jittering. I was too heavy-handed. He told me to take my hands off the stick entirely, and hold them up, and he did the same thing himself; we spent the last few minutes that way. It looked silly, or rather, it would have looked silly, had there been anyone up there to see us: two people barging through the sky with hands uplifted, like a couple of ancient Greeks in prayer, riding a sun wagon that vibrated and smelled of exhaust. But I could see the ship do its own flying, the nose hunting slowly for its own level, and finding it, the wings steadying down. In my hands, I could feel the solid force of the airstream which held us up.

The American Folly

NORMAN SMULEVITZ

Rhetoric II, Theme 9, Summer, 1944

THERE IS SOMETHING CURIOUSLY PARADOXICAL today in the changed relationship between the book and the film world in which Americans live. Once—and not many years ago at that—many of us picked up a book or went to the movies for an hour or two of escape. But the war has reversed that. Today we live in what is actually a world of escape and take a brief dip into reality every now and then in our diversions.

When you read on-the-spot reports such as *Guadalcanal Diary* by Richard Tregaskis, or *Queens Die Proudly* by W. L. White—when you read these books, and others like them, you are strangely lifted out of the fantastic and unreal world that is America today and plumped into a world where basic values are at stake, where blood is flowing in mounting torrents to keep the meaning of America alive.

The contrast is even more striking with motion pictures—perhaps because the film is a much more compact and dramatically effective vehicle than the book. You go to see a film such as “In Which We Serve,” or “Desert Victory,” and come away dazed because your brief excursion into the real world of 1944 has been full of raw stuff; blinking because it is difficult to get adjusted again to the world you actually have to live in and work in. This world is much different from the one you saw when it took shape on the screen. This world—that is, the American world today—is an incredible world which no word describes so aptly and tragically as the word “escape”—in the sense that we are detached from the needs of the present.

Does “escape” seem too harsh when applied to America? How else would you describe a nation that is in a fight to the death, yet thinks it can afford the luxury of interminable wrangling, pulling, tugging? How else would you describe a nation where there are men in Congress who regard as their main enemy not Hitler but the President of the United States, and who count as a supreme triumph anything that will embarrass, hamstring, or obstruct him? How else would you describe a nation where efforts to stabilize wages and prices and taxes are constantly thwarted because each group wants the other group to make whatever sacrifices have to be made? And finally, how else would you describe a nation where there are race riots and devastating and irresponsible strikes?

Don't take comfort in the notion that this is the American way. This is not the American way, unless we are to say that the democratic way is disintegration and insanity. Can it be that when it comes to a showdown we

haven't got what it takes? Can it be that a nation born in the blood of freedom's battle has so far wandered from its heritage as to be ignorant of the bold requirements of continued freedom and self preservation? Can it be that all these internal explosions will serve only to pave the way for the destruction or overthrow of American democracy at home without a single enemy shell, bullet, or bomb touching our shores? If so, we had better call the boys home now, for there is nothing left for them to save.

My Town

MARJORIE HIGGINS

Verbal Expression 1A, Theme 1, 1944-1945

IN 1905, BRIDGEPORT, ILLINOIS, WAS A SWAGGERING young boom town, soaked with oil from newly-drilled wells and ecstatically dazed by prosperity. The streets were full of "oil Johnnies" in knee boots and smooth-talking strangers with bulging briefcases. The merchants charged double prices and got them. Everybody had a derrick in his back yard, and a few had producing wells. Slapped-together shacks mushroomed impulsively, and Bridgeport soon became the biggest town in the county. Then, gradually, the boom era passed. There were no new wells to drill, and the old ones had settled into a mediocre maturity. Reluctantly, the townspeople gave up their idea of a fountain of perpetual wealth. The "oil Johnnies," gypsy labor who follow always in the wake of the derrick, drifted on to greener pastures; Main Street became an almost deserted road between the rows of shabby houses. Many of the downtown buildings were empty, their windows smeared over with white paint.

Bridgeport began to take a new interest in her surrounding farms, and wagonloads of grain were brought daily to the elevator by Gray's Feed Store. Nevertheless, the main occupation of the citizens remained in the oil fields. By now, the devil-may-care driller or roughneck or roustabout, who drank and fought his way through the boom days, was replaced by the sober, solid employee of the Ohio or the Big Four, who attended one of the three or four local churches and boasted about his new Ford. Oil workers were no longer outcasts but had become mayors, members of the school board and of the Lion's Club. They still are.

Since boom-days, Bridgeport has become very much like any other small town north of Cairo and south of Chicago. It is the sort of place of which one wonders, passing through it on a train which does not stop there, how anyone could be born and live out a life and die contented in such an insig-

nificant, dormant hamlet. There is no mail delivery, no taxi service, no daily newspaper, no hotel since the ancient, decrepit Dukes, a relic of the boom, burned down a year or so ago. Outside the churches, social life is limited. Bridgeport has one motion picture theatre, one bowling alley, two drug-stores, a few assorted saloons and restaurants, and no library.

The streets have a small-town cleanliness. There is a fairly large park, the scene of the annual Lawrence County Fair. The schools are attractive and well-kept, neither better nor worse than one would expect them to be. The people are American farm or small-town stock. There are few foreigners, Negroes, or Jews. There is the same petty clique, the "four hundred," that Sinclair Lewis photographed in *Main Street*, but most of the people are unaffected and friendly. They like to play pinochle, know all about everyone else, and quote Gabriel Heatter.

But, typical though it may be, Bridgeport has one distinguishing feature. The carefree, adventurous flavor of the boom-time has never quite left it for the people who can wistfully remember the good old days. Nobody who knew Bridgeport thirty-odd years ago calls my town a hick town.

Speaking of Speaking

PIERCE ROSENTHAL

A.S.T. English 62, Theme 1, 1944-1945

EVERY MAN, WOMAN, AND CHILD WHO HAS EVER passed through the gates of Ellis Island for the first time has become acquainted with a new language—a language considered by many to be among the most difficult in the world. It is with well deserved pride that so many foreign born Americans boast of their ability to speak English.

Unfortunately there are a few aliens in America, who, after living here the longest portion of their lives, cannot speak a word of our language. And a strange phenomenon is this, indeed, since the mastering of English seems but a microscopic payment in exchange for the innumerable benefits and opportunities the "melting pot" has given them. For this small minority I have nothing but disgust and shall therefore ignore them.

There are, however, millions of eager Americans who put forth an unmitigated effort to become proficient in English. Nevertheless, with all their ceaseless efforts, these "step-Americans" find it next to impossible to conceal their various accents and foreign idiomatic expressions when speaking English. Probably the worst offenders—and the most humorous in their

murdering of the "King's English"—are those whose original language was Jewish. In fact, all the outlandish arrangements of words and humorous Jewish dialects that one might suspect are gross exaggerations used merely to add an extra comedy note to some radio program are, in reality, very accurate reproductions of the real thing. Being of the Jewish faith myself and having had daily association with many immigrants of my race I have been on the receiving end of battered up sentences on many occasions.

Probably the most frequent distortions of the English language by these well meaning Jews are caused by their constant desire to pronounce *v* for *w* or *w* for *v*, to add an *h* before all words beginning with a vowel and to substitute *e*'s for *a*'s. Why some person should want to attend the "Vorkman's Wictory Ball in honor of the late Helexander Voollcott" is a mystery.

Another common error made by these people is their excessive use of the reflexive. Sentences such as "Vash yourself de hends and sit better yourself down by the table" are merely literal translations from the Jewish, since there are no such things as "words understood" in the language. Also, since many of these people think in their original language and translate word for word, such sentences as "It's by me in de house a broom, I should sweep it de floor," or "It's by Uncle Pincus in de stomach pains what he never hed it before" are not uncommon.

Not quite so common are the various original expressions they use to express their opinions and emotions with greater ease, incidentally making it easier for their friends to understand. One of the most picturesque original expressions I've ever heard was often used by a surprisingly well educated woman who, although she found it easier to speak Jewish than English, was forced to use the latter most of the time. Any time she found herself disturbed by someone, she would blurt out, "Oi, you're making from mine life a 'God-damit'."

No doubt the most amusing manner of tangling up the English language is the way in which Gertrude Berg (creator of "The Goldbergs" and portrayer of Mollie Goldberg) does it in her daily soap opera. "Rosie, go throw an eye in the soup" or "Jake, button up your neck—it's cold out" are but two of her gems. And again let me remind you that these phrases are not mere radio quips, but real dialectal language taken from homes in our country which house just such interesting people as Mollie Goldberg. I can offer no reasonable explanation for these hacked up sentences, other than that Mrs. Goldberg, in her desire to use English colloquialisms, becomes a bit confused.

Yes, these American Jews, along with their other adopted brethren, were confronted with a new and difficult language when they left Ellis. Although in their efforts to overcome the difficulty they are very often amusing, they show a sincere desire to merge into the life of America.

George Washington Carver— American

SARA LINSLEY

Rhetoric II, Theme 15, 1943-1944

IT HAS BEEN SAID OF THE COLORED RACE IN AMERICA that none from their number has ever created anything that has not been surpassed by a white person working in the same field. And it has been said that most of those colored people who have been recognized as leaders in this country have been of the mulatto race, and that it has been the white blood in them that has made them great. The common belief is that the Negro has not equal native intelligence with the White.

The purpose of this paper is to present the life picture of an ebony black Negro who rose out of slavery, made every sacrifice to obtain the best education, gained a slow recognition of being the greatest agricultural chemist in a world of white men, and opened new opportunities for American Negroes. George Washington Carver demonstrates that in human ability there is no color line. In 1939 Carver, in being awarded the Roosevelt medal for distinguished service in the field of science, was introduced to two hundred dinner guests in Theodore Roosevelt's New York home with these words: "I have the honor to present not a man only, but a life, transfused with passion for the enlarging and enriching of the living of his fellowman . . . a liberator of men of the white race as well as the black; a bridge from one race to the other, on which men of good will may learn of each other and rejoice together in the opportunities and potentialities of their common country."¹ Black and White alike honor this American.

From the beginning the odds were against him. He had no family name, and there was no record of his birth. His father died soon after he was born, and he never knew the face of his mother—did not even know the facts of her death.

The story of his early childhood he was able to find out in part from the plantation owner to whom his parents were slaves. He was born in one of the many one-room shacks on the Moses Carver plantation near Diamond Grove, Missouri, in about the year 1860. In 1865, the year of the Emancipation Proclamation, secret societies came up from the South—Knights of the Golden Cross, bushwhackers, and guerrillas—and jungle law prevailed. It was the year that the nightraiders ran loose in Missouri, destroying build-

¹Rackham Holt, *George Washington Carver*, (New York, 1943), p. 33.

ings, and railroads, seizing household belongings, personal belongings, and Negroes. And it was in that year that young George and his mother were stolen by a band of nightraiders. They were carried into Arkansas. Moses Carver hated to lose his property, so he sent a small sum of money and a three-hundred-dollar race horse to the thieves to be traded for his slaves. But by the time the band was overtaken, the mother was already disposed of, and George, a sickly child from birth, had a bad siege of the whooping-cough. The thieves were glad to get rid of the sick child and willingly traded him for the horse.

Mrs. Carver had loved George's mother, and so, when the child was returned, she adopted him into the Carver family. He was named George Washington because of his straightforward honesty about the same sort of incidents as the cutting down of a cherry tree.

Because he was frail, he was not put into the fields, but allowed to do household chores. He was allowed to roam the nearby fields and woods, where he showed a love for plants and animals. During these hikes he first began to know his Creator and he got his first insight into the workings of nature—his first insight into the power of God and God's plan for his own life—the study of growing things.

He was allowed to attend a neighboring school for slaves. When the Civil War was over and freedom was given the slaves, George had finished the local school; and Moses Carver urged him to continue his schooling, that suggestion being all he had to offer the boy.

After he had saved a little money, he gained admission by mail to the University of Iowa—only to be rejected when he arrived, because of his color. He opened a small laundry then and saved enough money to go to Simpson College at Indianola, Iowa. He washed, scrubbed, cooked, and housecleaned his way through his junior year there and then went to Iowa State College to finish four years of agricultural studies.

While at the Iowa State College, Carver took Henry Wallace, then just a boy, along on field trips. "He was such an inquisitive little youngster," Carver said. "He wanted to know everything about every plant." The two retained a lifelong friendship—Wallace as Secretary of Agriculture, and Carver as a leading agricultural chemist.²

About the time of Carver's graduation from the Iowa State College, Booker T. Washington, at his Tuskegee Institute, was looking for a man to make possible economic freedom for the Negro farmer. Although he wanted an all-Negro faculty, he was about to decide upon a white man for this job because he had been unable to find a Negro trained in agricultural chemistry; and then he heard of young Carver. Carver accepted the position of Head of the Department of Agriculture at the Tuskegee Institute.

²"Goober Wizard," *Literary Digest*, CXXIII (June 12, 1937), 21.

When Carver arrived in Tuskegee in 1896,³ there was little for him to work on and nothing to work with. Washington wanted an agricultural laboratory, but there was neither equipment nor money. He wanted a university farm—the soil was infertile. He wanted grass on the campus—there was only sand.

Today in the glass case in the Carver Museum there are the materials which made his first laboratory. For heat he rigged up a salvaged barn lantern. His mortar was a heavy kitchen cup. He made beakers by cutting off the tops of old bottles gathered from the school dump.⁴ The soil he reclaimed with soil from nearby swamps, and on those acres produced two sweet potato crops a year and harvested Alabama's first bale-to-the-acre crop of cotton.

Dr. Carver insisted that this start-from-scratch formula will work anywhere. "The Southern people, if they had the vision, could control the markets of the world," said Dr. Carver.⁵ All through his Tuskegee days he was working with the Southern farmer, trying to show the way to new crop yields.

Formerly the South had looked upon the peanut as a nut to be sold at circuses and ball games. The farmers refused to be caught with an over-supply. Dr. Carver showed them, however, that all sorts of articles could be produced from this little underground nut.

When the Hawley-Smoot tariff bill was up before Congress, Southern farmers were asking that the peanut be named an article on which an import tariff could be charged. Dr. Carver was sent to talk to the Ways and Means Committee on the merits of the peanut. After he had spoken for the allotted time, there were shouts for "More," and the congressmen demanded that he finish the amazing story of the worth of the peanut. Dr. Carver then talked for an hour and forty-five minutes—and the committee wrote the peanut into the tariff bill of the United States. A triumph for the Southern farmer brought about by Dr. Carver.

Before walking out of his laboratory for the last time, Dr. Carver had wrung over three hundred products from the peanut.⁶ He made it possible to shave with peanut shaving cream, write with peanut ink, bathe with peanut soap, equip the family car with peanut rubber tires, insulate the house with peanut shell insulation. He produced a massage for the face in the form of a beauty lotion, a dye for clothing, and an aid for the cure of infantile paralysis. In the peanut he found the ingredients for making milk, butter, cheese, candies, coffee, pickles, flour, and breakfast foods.

Asked about his work with peanuts, Dr. Carver replied simply, "I take

³S. High, "No Greener Pastures," *Readers Digest*, XLI (December, 1942), 73.

⁴*Ibid.*

⁵"Goober Wizard," *Literary Digest*, p. 21.

⁶Basil Miller, *George Washington Carver*, (Grand Rapids, 1943), p. 121.

a handful of peanuts and look at them and say to my Creator, 'Why did you make the peanut?' Then I find out why by taking the peanut apart. I separate the water, the fats, the oils, the gums, the resins, the sugars, the starches . . . the amino and amido acids. There! I have the parts before me. Then I merely try different conditions of temperature and pressure—and the results—well, you can see for yourself!"⁷ Out of this talk he repeated many times has come a yearly business for the Southern farmer amounting to a guarantee of a billion dollars.

From the sweet potato he made more than a hundred products, among them flour, meal, starch, paste, vinegar, shoe bleaching, ginger, ink, rubber compound, dyes, molasses, wood filler, and caramels. During the first World War, Dr. Carver fed the students at Tuskegee sweet potato flour, and, after much urging, sent samples of the flour to Washington. As a result, it was shortly thereafter recommended for wheatless days.

From shells of pecans he yielded seventy different dyes for silk and cotton. Okra fibre he used for paper, rope cordage, strawboard, matting, and carpets. With the soybean, the pomegranate, the chinaberry, and ordinary clay, he worked miracles equally amazing.

When he was lauded for these accomplishments his comment was always, in effect, "No miracle, simply a revelation of the proper method to use."⁸ Carver always felt that God was only using him to reveal these hidden mysteries for the good of humanity.

And throughout Carver's life, although he could have been fabulously rich, he cared nothing for money. He never commercialized his discoveries. He was this kind of idealist: "If I could be sure my experiments would be used to aid humanity that really suffers, I would have given them all away long ago."⁹ His money he used to help Negro students, and his small fortune of about \$33,000 he left to the Carver Foundation—a research laboratory for promising young Negro chemists.

He built his career upon an earnest search for the will of the Creator and a careful study of the Bible. He looked to it for guidance and believed it with all his heart. Dr. Carver felt that it was a divine mission for him to be at Tuskegee. He said, "Booker T. asked me to come here and to let down my bucket. I did come here. I did let down my bucket. And every time I've pulled it up, it has been brimful and running over—running over. God has been mighty good to this poor old Negro."¹⁰ Always in speaking about his work he was sincerely humble about his success, and always attributed all credit to God.

⁷Stewart, "Carver of Tuskegee," *Scribners' Commercial*, X (May, 1941), 12, 13.

⁸Miller, *op. cit.*, p. 121.

⁹Stewart, "Carver of Tuskegee," p. 16.

¹⁰J. S. Childers, "Boy Who Was Traded for a Horse," *American Magazine*, CXIV (October, 1932), p. 113.

All his life, Carver had worked alone in the laboratory—he was too deeply engrossed in his experiments to communicate the secrets of his work to any of his assistants. In 1935 a young Negro, a Cornell graduate, was made assistant to him. And Dr. Carver, then in his seventies, saw how interested and capable he was and realized that he should leave his work in the hands of some young, ambitious person. Austin W. Curtis was the person. Dr. Carver welcomed him not only into his laboratory, but also into his heart. He believed there was something providential about the coming of this serious young man. He was proud of him and loved him, taught him, and depended upon him as if he were his own son.¹¹ To Curtis he left his laboratory and his work. Dr. Carver had been one of the first examples of a Negro who created something which surpassed the Whites' experiments in the same field—and here was another Negro, just as capable, to open the way further for Negro youth.

Dr. Curtis helped in the establishment of the George Washington Carver Museum on the Tuskegee campus. The Museum houses some of the evidence of Carver's full and rich life. Besides the scientific collections and geological specimens, Carver hung seventy-one of his paintings in a little side room. Many were painted with home-made colors. He was proudest of his picture of four peaches painted with pigments made of Alabama clay. The paper he painted on he made from peanut shells, and the frames for his pictures he made out of corn husks. Also included in the Museum are exhibitions of his work in embroidery and crocheting, and gorgeous woven rugs.

In June, 1937, a bronze bust of Carver was unveiled at Alabama's Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute. It was paid for by Carver's admirers, black and white—and many there were in the North and the South—mostly by one dollar subscriptions.

By the year of his death, 1943, eighteen schools had been named for him, and he had received honorary awards from the Catholic Conference of the South, the Variety Clubs of America, the *Progressive Farmer*, the University of Rochester, Simpson College, the Honorary Birthday Committee of the Thomas A. Edison Foundation for the Advancement of Science and Education, Kappa Delta Pi Honorary Fraternity, and Franklin D. Roosevelt. When an award came, Carver accepted it graciously—and went back to work.

George Washington Carver is remembered today because of his marvelous discoveries in agricultural chemistry and because he probably did more than any other man to rehabilitate agriculture in the South. He is renowned as America's greatest Negro—a Negro who was born in slavery, witnessed, as a child, a horrible lynching of a colored person, was refused admittance to a college on the ground of race, was treated as a slave by his

¹¹Holt, *op. cit.*, p. 307.

employers all through his bread-earning days at college, and was made to use the freight elevator and barred from hotels and restaurants even at the height of his fame, when traveling about on lecture tours. He was seldom allowed to forget he was a member of a despised race. He was personally sensitive and often hurt, but he took it like a Christian; he tried twice as hard to make the way easier for the youth of his race. And he helped open the way for racial tolerance and good will below the Mason and Dixon line.

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Apple Blossoms and the Pragmatist

Those who accept the world in general without question probably enjoy life in their own way. They are "nature's children," so to speak. While they miss the fine points, they enjoy the unified whole. When a shower of apple blossoms is swept down by a breeze, they don't need a knowledge of botany or wind currents to appreciate the beauty. Those who seethe with knowledge may be possessed by a desire to present a scientific explanation of every natural occurrence, to analyze in detail even the simplest of ideas, to rationalize, in essence, everything. Chances are that those who sit back watching the mad world tear by in its hurry to get to no one knows where will never suffer from nervous collapse. Life can come and go when it chooses. Apple blossoms are fragrant tossed in the air.

—V. LORENE CAROTHERS

My First Unknown

MARIE DUGAS

Rhetoric II, Theme 12, 1943-1944

THE WORD *UNKNOWN* MAY BE A CHALLENGE TO Einstein and Russell but not to me—at least, not since I enrolled this second semester in Chemistry 5, Theoretical Qualitative Analysis. For, sadly enough, “unknowns” are the basis of the graded laboratory work in Chemistry 5.

The object, I had been repeatedly told in my preliminary experiments before my first unknown, was to analyze its contents. By the shade of William Albert Noyes, I tried to do this. But the difficulties I encountered in my first unknown would have made even Madame Curie a little doubtful of her scientific calling.

From the beginning, I found no encouragement in this endeavor. Before I could even acquire the unknown from the stockroom, I was orally quizzed by my laboratory instructor as to my intentions, honorable or otherwise, toward the unknown. Would I smell it? Would I taste it? Heaven forbid! It might contain arsenic. What would I do if it didn't dissolve in water, in hydrochloric acid, or in aqua regia? By this time I was frantic with anticipation of what might go wrong during the analysis.

But, at last, my instructor handed me the “unknown” card and with a dramatic wave of her hand, which I assumed to be her official blessing, sent me stockroom-bound.

I brought the unknown back to my laboratory desk and murmured a plaintive prayer under my breath before beginning the analysis.

I diluted. I evaporated. I perspired. I added hydrochloric acid, ammonium, hydroxide, hydrogen sulfide, and a little of everything else that was handy before me. Aha! No Group I or II. I tasted the unknown, waited five minutes. Aha! No arsenic. By this time I was jubilant over my good results.

But then! In an effort to remove a crucible containing the unknown from the ringstand over the Bunsen burner with a decrepit instrument (which the chemistry department proudly claims to be a forceps), I spilled my unknown—my work of the last two hours. I became feeble with anguish. I called on the lords on high to witness my sad fate. I was sick with despair.

There was no time to do it over. I must hand it in today. From my previous analysis, I knew there must be one of two things present—sodium or potassium. I ran to the supply shelves about the room. I compared every sodium and potassium compound with my unknown. There! There was

one like mine. I scribbled sodium on my report card, and with a sudden burst of courage went to the stockroom to have it graded.

It was right! It had been sodium chloride—just plain salt.

Yes, since chemistry and unknowns have come into my life, I have aged considerably. In fact, I have acquired eleven gray hairs, one for each of the unknowns during the semester.

U.S.O.'s—Let Us Keep Them

MARY ELLEN NEVILLE

Rhetoric I, "Theme 13, 1943-1944"

THE UNITED SERVICE ORGANIZATION IS OUR country's answer to a call for a home away from home for members of our Armed Forces. It has developed into a wonderful thing and, in most cases, has received wholehearted cooperation from many communities. A great deal of expense has been necessary to equip the U.S.O.'s, as well as to carry on the supervised entertainment that goes on in the various clubs. Behind all this are the volunteers who willingly give time and energy in order that the U.S.O. may function.

What is to become of the U.S.O. after the war? Will it cease to exist? Yes, as far as service men are concerned, the need will be over. But, what of another very important group for whom there is just as urgent a need for the same type of planned recreation? This group is our teen-aged boys and girls of America.

In my opinion, the very best thing to do with the U.S.O.'s throughout the country is to convert them into "Teen Towns." The equipment is all there, and the willingness to serve our teen-aged boys and girls should be just as great as to serve our men in uniform.

Proper recreation for teen-aged children may well be called a problem instead of a cause. The problem has become more acute during war time because adults have, in many cases, placed the children in the background. Mothers and fathers are not attempting to maintain home environment conducive to good character building. Consequently, in too many communities these minors seek their recreation in roadhouses and bars.

The U.S.O.'s in the country are equipped to give the younger generation the same kind of entertainment they get in their wanderings from tavern to tavern. They may dance and partake of refreshments. The only difference is that the refreshments will be non-alcoholic. Many U.S.O. centers have facilities for a wide assortment of games, good books, and good music. Many

special kinds of entertainment are planned for service men, and I see no reason why the very same arrangements could not be made for boys and girls of teen age.

As adults, it is our duty to look ahead. We are putting forth an all-out effort for the men who are fighting for freedom and a world of peace. When peace comes, we should put forth just as much effort for the youth who will be the men and women of tomorrow.

The U.S.O.'s seem the logical means to a wonderful achievement. These clubs have served and are serving their purpose and so let us keep them. The only thing that should be changed is the sign on the door to read "Teen Town."

Dishes

PHYLLIS CATHARINE RARICK

Rhetoric II, Theme 4, 1943-1944

IT WAS JUNE AND WE HAD PROMISED TO DO THE DISHES all month if we could go to Camp Drake. Although neither of us was particularly fascinated by the idea of doing dishes for a solid month, neither of us had expected a month quite so disagreeable.

We began our duties with a zeal, a zeal, however, not to do the job well and honestly to earn our "campship," but to rush through a necessary, yet not enjoyable task. We began a campaign to cut down the number of dishes used each meal. No egg-cups. No saucers. No butter knife. No individual creamers. No salad plates. One spoon per person per meal. Have you ever tried to eat a grapefruit with a teaspoon or cereal with an orange spoon? No pitchers. We even tried to establish a community knife, but the family refused to take turns cutting their meat and buttering their bread.

Because I could wash dishes twice as fast as Betty could, I was always the washer. Because I had not her patience and deliberation and was twice as remiss, the number of chipped plates increased. When one noon I chipped the large rose platter, Betty rebuked me in her mild manner. I, rather peppery, refused to continue washing; she, afraid that she had hurt my pride, refused to take my place. And so the dishes stood. The water grew cold. Grease collected around the edges of the pan. The dirty skillets became stickier and stickier.

We were as determined that evening, each in her own stand, as we had been at noon. The more stubborn Betty became, the more certain I was that I would never wash another dish for her; and the more resolute I grew, the more evident it was that she would never yield.

In desperation Mother told us that we would have to take turns doing the dishes alone. Neither lost honor with this decision.

But thenceforth we had to be asked individually to do the dishes after each meal. It was not because we did not expect to do them but because the one whose turn it was hoped Mother would forget who had done the dishes last and ask the wrong girl. Tearful were the times this happened. Among all our childhood sorrows nothing brought tears so easily or raised our indignation so quickly as the request to do the dishes two times in a row.

One afternoon Betty and a friend made candy. Since it would be my turn to do the dishes that night I told her she would have to wash all the utensils they had used. She said that she was sorry, but that she had to go for a walk. I said that I was sorry, but I would have to throw them on the floor, then. And she went for a walk. And I had to throw the dishes on the floor to show her I was a woman of my word.

As punishment I had to do all the next day's dishes. I denounced Mother as unjust and confided to Betty that I was going to run away. She thought Mother a hardened person. I *had* to throw the dishes on the floor or be a liar. She promised to help me with the dishes; then we would both run away in the night. Of course we didn't carry out our plans because we didn't wake up, but for one whole day no mother could have been in greater disgrace than ours.

Our secret antipathy soon dissolving, dish washing returned to a more normal level. In my turn I watched to see that as few dishes as possible were used; and Betty, when her turn to do dishes came, policed the table. No extra fork, no extra glass escaped us. What suffering there must have been under our rule!

The peak of our career as dishwashers came in the last week. It was my turn to do the breakfast dishes; but, as we ate, soapsuds and draining racks seemed so distant that I gave no thought to the extra saucers. I recollect that Mother was secretly relieved that there were no comments about the egg-cups.

Then I noticed Betty buttering her sweet roll. From force of habit I thought, "Sweet rolls don't need to be buttered, especially with a *clean* knife!" Betty continued buttering her roll, not realizing what she was doing, and looked at me so unconcernedly that I felt the sudden urge to stop her. I grasped what came to my hand first and hurled it.

My wrath passed as quickly as it had risen. I was immediately sorry. Betty just stared at me, her mouth and eyes round with bewilderment. I had missed her, but behind her a great apricot had slapped the wall, then fallen to the floor.

Suddenly we burst into laughter. All our petty concerns and bickering and broken tempers seemed ridiculous. War was over.

Butchering a Steer

HARRY KANTOR

Rhetoric II, Theme 13, 1943-1944

ONE DAY, AS WE WERE FINISHING DINNER, MR. BACKE said, "Well, my brother will be here in a few minutes and then we will butcher a steer." I was immediately interested.

"Can I help?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, "and there is Walter coming now."

We went out into the yard, met Walter, and the three of us walked over to the barn. The first thing we did was to rig up a block and tackle in the center of the barn. Mr. Backe then put a halter around the neck of the steer which was to be butchered and led him into the cleared space under the block and tackle. He took a small rifle and, putting the barrel between the eyes of the steer, he fired. Nothing happened. He fired another shot at a spot two inches lower. Again, nothing happened. This evidently called for a consultation. Mr. Backe and his brother stepped away a few feet and began to discuss what to do next. As they were talking, the steer collapsed, but he was still alive. Mr. Backe then fired another shot into the skull about one inch lower than the place where the last shot had gone. This time he hit the vital spot, for the steer had a convulsion, blood ran out of his mouth, and he died.

We took a bucket and, holding the animal's head so that the throat was over the bucket, Walter slit the throat. The blood that gushed out into the bucket was so hot that steam rose from it as it flowed. Now came the hard work. We tied a rope around the animal's head, attached the end to the block and tackle, and started to lift the animal off the floor. The steer weighed about 1200 pounds and the three of us tugged with great effort to lift him. As part of the body was raised off the floor, the strain became greater and progress was by inches. We finally succeeded in lifting the body completely off the floor. Walter then took a sharp knife and cut the hide from the throat straight down the center of the body. Mr. Backe and I pulled on the edge of the hide, and Walter cut between the hide and the flesh. This was a very tedious job as the hide clung stubbornly to the flesh. It took about an hour for us to get it off. The hoofs were next.

Walter then cut the body open down the middle. The intestines came out, fell to the floor, and began to swell. They increased in size so rapidly that, for a moment or two, I thought there would not be enough room in the barn for them. Mr. Backe told me that this was caused by the gases in the intestines. When they made a pile more than twice as big as the steer, I was asked to put them into a wheelbarrow and take them out to the hog lot. There were two wheelbarrow loads. The pigs also got the bucket of blood. While I was

doing this, Walter cut the body into quarters. We carried the quarters, the head, the liver and the other edible organs into the cold cellar. Everything was hung up to cool until the next day, when Mr. Backe sold three quarters to the neighbors and Mrs. Backe made one quarter into canned meat.

Hands Off!

GWEN ZOLLO

Rhetoric II, Theme 1, 1943-1944

ABSORBED, I WATCHED THE FLY CREEP ACROSS THE shiny red of Grandfather's forehead, pause, brush its feet, and then start down the lined parchment cheek toward the open mouth. Grandfather slept and snored. Soon the fly would reach the dark hole from which those noises rumbled. Something had to be done. I raised my hand and slapped—slapped hard, as hard as my eight-year-old strength would permit me.

From that episode, and the bitter meditations in the lonely bedroom where I was left to repent of my sins, I learned a lesson. It is a simple one. It is to let things slide. All around me I see people trying to push obstacles out of the way, or to put a hand to another's plow. But I sit still and watch and am lazy. If I am tempted to take a part, if things—people who chatter, situations that embarrass, yes, lessons that refuse to become clear—get in my way and tempt me to fretful action, I think of the fly on Grandfather's cheek and withdraw.

There are people living today who think that it is wrong to kill other animals—even poisonous snakes or man-eating tigers. That is a philosophy which I can understand. It is a philosophy of letting things alone, of withholding the hand, of watching life go on, content to let it go its own way, fulfilling its own purpose, whatever that may be. Perhaps this is a lazy man's creed. Perhaps it is a way of trying to justify purposelessness. I don't know. The real test of whether I could hold firmly to my belief may be yet to come. It may be that some time—on some dark night, when despair and futility fill me, and I yet cling to life—it may be that on such a night I may pause by a dark pool and see there a man drowning. Will I lift my hand and then withdraw it? Or will I plunge into the dark pool and pull the man back to the undesired shore, to the unwanted earth, simply in order that he may watch the illusion for yet a little while before he returns finally to the dark waters?

Road to the West

MARY BABCOCK

Rhetoric II, Theme 2, 1943-1944

THERE IS AN OLD DIRT ROAD THAT STRETCHES TO THE West. It has its beginning in our front gravelled driveway, passes our west orchard, and then goes on and on westward. I like this road, although I have never reached its end. Too many things interest me along its way. The terminus seems unimportant.

In summertime the road is loveliest at twilight. The descending sun seems about to roll down from its distance towards me. It makes black and white images of the Jack-pines on the next hill. When the sun has disappeared and the moon is out, the willows on my right and left turn their silver leaves a thousand ways in the cool light.

During autumn the roadside is a myriad of scents and colors. When I was a child I often picked "bouquets"—I call them that though they were mostly weeds of brightest colors—and took them home with me. There were brown-eyed Susans, daisies, and mysterious purple flowers. The goldenrod was plentiful; it was generally surrounded by a barricade of bees.

The road was used in winter as a trapping-line by my huntsman brother. I can't recall his catching anything spectacular except one fox. That "catch" occurred on a Christmas morning at the "Big Brown Hole." This has always been a place of mystery to me. It is a clay-hole about a quarter of a mile from the orchard and at the foot of Big Hill. Each year the opening of the Hole has been gouged a little larger by its inhabitants. It was interesting to investigate the mound of clay at the entrance. Sometimes I found footprints of the various animals and birds that had run across it.

In a patch of wild raspberry bushes atop Big Hill lies the Big Tree. It's only the trunk of an oak that was felled years ago and left there to rot into the soil. The inside of it now makes a tunnel for rabbits to run through. Violets grow ruggedly under the nearby brambles in the springtime.

The first mile of my road West ends abruptly. A clump of willows on one side and a creaky old fence post on the opposite side lean towards each other. There's a windmill a few feet from the post, and on windy days it grinds and groans as the wheel tries to force the ancient shaft wheel to pump just one more trickle of water into the tank. I have learned to drink from the tin cup that hangs on the side of the pump. Once when I was too short to quite reach the spout, I leaned far over the tank and fell in.

My road to the West goes a long, long way. Someday, maybe, I'll have travelled it to the end; but now it's more fun just looking for excitement along its way. I often hope I *never* reach the end.

The Snake and the Sash

LEWIS ODEN

Rhetoric II, Theme 13, 1943-1944

IT ALL HAPPENED SEVERAL YEARS AGO WHEN I WAS spending my summer vacation in a small camp deep in the interior of the great North Woods. The last rays of daylight were fading away as my friend, an Indian youth, and I went to our cabin. The night was going to be cool and we needed our blankets for our camp-fire session. I pulled my blanket from its place in the corner, and as I lifted it to my shoulder something fell to the floor. Instantly a whirring rattle vibrated the air. I froze and the walls seemed to close upon me. There at my feet, coiled and full of death, lay a dreaded snake. Somehow, during the day, a great timber-rattlesnake had found his way into our cabin and had made his bed on my blanket. I was helpless. If I made even the slightest move, he would strike. My only hope was in my friend's actions.

I was amazed when my Indian friend did not run for help. He only stood there looking at the snake, and then a smile appeared on his lips. Next he did a very strange thing; he took off his bright red sash. Holding the sash before him, he slowly came towards the snake. He stopped about three feet away and slowly, ever so slowly, extended his arm until the red piece of cloth was just above the serpent's head.

During this time I was standing there with every muscle in my body tense. I was facing death and my friend wanted to play games. I don't really know whether I was more frightened or more doubtful of my friend's sanity. I was wondering what good my friend's actions would do me, when I suddenly noticed that the snake was slowly turning from me to the bright-colored sash.

As the snake was attracted by the cloth, my friend's hand began to move from side to side. Slowly, back and forth, back and forth moved the red sash. The eyes of the snake could not lose sight of it for a moment. As the cloth moved, so did the serpent's pointed nose, trying slowly to reach it. The cloth moved slowly, very slowly away, always moving back and forth, back and forth. The farther away it went, the closer it came to the floor, the snake's head still following it.

I was astounded. The coil of death at my feet was slowly uncoiling and moving away from me. When the snake was fully uncoiled, my friend stepped to one side of it. While he moved the cloth with one hand, he reached down with the other and grasped the snake's head just behind the massive jaw. It was now helpless and I was still alive. I had had a strange experience and had learned a great lesson.

Why Isolationism Must End

MARY LOUISE WORLEY

Rhetoric II, Theme 7, 1943-1944

WORLD WAR I LEFT US WITH ENORMOUS PROBLEMS, but the problems that World War II will leave us will be greater still; this is a much greater war than the last. We shudder when we look at the complete devastation of some of the theaters of war, but let us face this picture, and not turn away as we did twenty-five years ago. Thirty-five countries have been conquered by the enemy and many others, still unconquered, have borne the brunt of the war. Citing the city of Naples as an example of the deplorable state so much of Europe is in today, may I point out the following: the civilian water supply is completely polluted by the issue from the demolished sewage disposal pipes; all electricity, transportation, and telephone facilities are inoperative; and hardly a building is safe to enter because of the shaken foundations. Turning attention to the rural sections affected, we find that in Denmark 20 per cent of the cattle, 60 per cent of the hogs, and 70 per cent of the chickens have been destroyed, according to John C. Mueller, a Danish government official. The soil, although producing greater crops than ever, is in the worst possible state because of the lack of fertilizer and the little time given to its care; agricultural land is "pock-marked" by the explosions of countless bombs. The results of such destruction are evidenced in the extremely poor health conditions of these victim countries. In Denmark, because of the lack of dairy products, the children are suffering from tuberculosis, and all are stunted in size, being small and thin. Widespread epidemics of typhoid, dysentery, and malaria are now ravaging Europe.

Are we going to ignore these facts and declare that they are none of our business? If the humanitarian aspect does not appeal to us, the cold fact that such epidemics abroad threaten the health of our nation, should arouse us. May I quote Hiram Motherwell, authority of economics, who wrote this for *Harper's*, "There is only one important source of food for Europe—the Western Hemisphere." Are we then going to withhold this help?

The problem of transportation with all its ramifications is also an important part of the picture. Holland, which had one of Europe's most prosperous navies, is now stripped of four-fifths of its fleet. Norway has lost one-fourth of its merchant marine. So these countries will be dependent not only on our food resources, but also on our transportation facilities. In dealing with land travel, we must face the fact that hardly a road is still intact, bridges have been destroyed in great numbers, and locomotives have been bombed out of commission.

The reconstruction problem is so huge that it is almost beyond intelligent comprehension. The rebuilding of all old buildings, the creation of new homes for those people now dispossessed, the reconstruction of bridges and roads, the clearing of canals and ports now encumbered by sunken ships, will be problems of vital importance immediately following the war. Then the fact that many of the conquered countries are stripped of their man power places a double importance on outside aid.

Sir Stafford Cripps, the English diplomat, has stated: "One thing is sure, that the United Nations must, at the end of the war, undertake international regulation of the production and distribution of the essential raw materials." How true this is! The world has shrunk through the miracles of science to such dimensions that isolationism is no longer practical or probable. It is for us to make it our business what happens to the destitute countries of Europe, or we mock ourselves when we declare that we are a Christian nation. International cooperation is necessary for the prosperous new world which we are fighting for, a world of "peace on earth, good will towards men."

Rhet as Writ

Some people criticize this Sinatra craze that girls are having but if you want to know it is really a help to parents to have their girls' mind occupied with that instead of thinking about smoking or drinking.

. . . .

Men and women now walked down the aisle to receive diplomas—not youngsters.

. . . .

She descended gracefully (he hardly noticed her father) causing her satin dress to sparkle in the waning sunlight of later afternoon.

. . . .

But as I get older and watch both papers using the time old adage "Time will tell," I find that the *Tribune* with its slant outdoes the *Sun* with its point of view.

. . . .

In my opinion as a died-in-the-wool Roosevelt man, I think that in November we will have an oddity in the White House—a fourth term president.

. . . .

It takes many persons to make a world!

Honorable Mention

Joan Brons—*The Case of the Missing Reader's Digest*

Nancy Bruce—*A War Correspondent's Day*

May Callas—*A Never-to-Be-Forgotten Scene*

Ben Duster—*The Ever-Alert Military Police*

Nancy Evans—*Humoresque*

Audrey Hufford—*Mrs. David's Purpose*

Joseph La Palombara—*Bismarck and the Unification of Germany*

Sara Linsley—*A Houseful of Brothers*

Barbara Moody—*This Is Haiti*

Oradel Nolen—*American Negro Poetry*

Roberta Polk—*Madame Curie—Her First Forty Years*

Robert Saint Clair—*On Success*

Norman Smulevitz—*Wild Life in Wisconsin*

Wilda Zilm—*The History and Romance of Fingerprinting*

